AN

ODE

Occaſioned by the Deceaſe of the

Reverend, Ingenious, Pious, and Learned

JAMES HERVEY, M.A.

Rector of *Weſton-Favell*, *Northamptonſhire*.

Who departed this Life the 25th of *December* 1758,
in the 45th Year of his Age.

Bleſſed are the Dead, which die in the Lord.

REV. xiv. 13.

——— Death is the Crown of Life:
Was Death deny'd, poor Man would live in vain:
Was Death deny'd, to live would not be Life.
Death gives us more than was in Eden *loſt.*
This King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace.
When ſhall I die?——When ſhall I live for-ever?

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

AN ODE

Occaſioned by the DEATH of the

Reverend Mr. *James Hervey.*

I.

HE's gone, he's gone! no more confin'd to Clay;
No more a Pris'ner, held in mortal Chains!
He dwells in Regions of unſully'd Day,
Where Cares ne'er enter, and where's known no Pains.

II.

Now, his great Soul, (once clogg'd with ſordid Duſt,
Which once did groan beneath this tireſome Load)
Hath ſoar'd a-loft to Manſions of the Juſt,
There, to its utmoſt Wiſh, it graſps its God.

III. Long

III.

Long did he pine with Pains, his tott'ring Tent
Long hover'd o'er the Verge of *Jordan*'s Brook:
At length a Seraph down from Heav'n was ſent,
He hail'd the Convoy, and this Clod forſook!

IV.

(Tho' dead! thy Works, dear Man, ſhall ſhout thy Praiſe;
My Thoughts ſhall dwell on thee in Midnight Hours:
Ages unborn, ſhall well improve their Days,
In muſing o'er thy *Shades*, *Stars*, *Tombs*, and *Flowers* *,

V.

O! could I trace the Footſteps thou haſt trod!
And ſoar, as thou haſt done, in Thought ſublime,
Creation's golden Steps to climb to God †!
To ſketch his Wiſdom in the *Ice* was thine ††).

VI. (His

* Referring to his two very excellent Volumes of *Meditations*,

†† Alluding to the Deſcant upon *Creation*, and the *Winter-Piece*,

VI.

(His lovely Aſpect, now lies chang'd in Death!
No winning Smiles the Index of his Heart!
No Words, like fragrant Flow'rs, perfume each Breath:
O! for ſome ſovereign Balm to eaſe my Smart).

VII.

What once he crav'd, in vaſt Extent enjoys!
His Praiſe and Rapture now no Limits know:
No Stings, nor Thorns, his Pleaſure now deſtroys,
No chilling Streams, to damp the heav'nly Glow.

VIII.

O! my dear HERVEY, could I now behold
Thy raviſh'd Soul, flam'd with celeſtial Fire!
Clad in white Robes, with Harp of burniſh'd Gold,
Joining the Anthems of th' inraptur'd Choir!

IX.

O! that within the Vail, I once could riſe!
There view th' adoring Myriads round the Throne,
What dazling Wonders would ſurprize my Eyes;
The brighteſt Gem adorns my HERVEY's Crown.

XV.

What Ardour would inſpire my Soul to fly!
To mingle in the ſame Divine Employ;
Join the grand Chorus of th' harmonious Sky;
Waft me, ye Cherubs, to thoſe Realms of Joy.

JOSIAH LEWIS.

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